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FRANCE

which has grown in American hearts from those anxious days when French aid set-tled the outcome of the American revolu-

She can thank all the devoted friends she can mank an the devoted Frends who from the time of Franklin, in many a column and in many a class room, have preached the cult of France. She can then the cult of France. preached the cult of France. Suc can thank, above all, her own men of genius who have made the French spirit eloquent and sung to all the world the beautiful song which is France. It would be interesting, for example, if one could measure in terms of lasty American regiments now going into battle against France's enemy, the actional property in progression of such a the ultimate recruiting force of such a masterpiece as Daudet's "The Last Class."

Now when ancient French towns are appearing as new names in American school books, when millions of Americans are storing or will store the memories of their youth with the things of France, the old comradeship between the two Republies seems destined to be deepened and the prophet, straining his eyes along the vista of a thousand years, can see the shadow of no quarrel between them.

BUSTERS AND BUSTED

It has been brought to the notice of this

It has been brought to the notice of this newspaper that certain officers have made it more or less of a practice to bust noncoms who have reached their organizations through hospitals and replacement camps.

It has got to stop. Not because we say 50, but because 6.H.Q. does. Hereafter the the man in the line who, by reason of wounds or sickness, has to begin his military carreer over again, as it were, will not

tary career over again, as it were, will not therefore be deprived of his rating.

There is every reason why he should not be. But some officers have failed to see it. We refer them to General Order No. 98

BILLIONS FOR DEFENSE

When, something like a hundred years ago, the Bey of Algiers grew so high handed that he seared all God-fearing people off the Mediterranean, he suggested, in his gentlemanly-piratical manner, that the United States of America might as well save uself a whole lot of trouble and make him when he was the present. Whose more one

tur wrote a rather memorable little chap-ter into American naval history before the

laugh was turned on the Bey.

Today, in our fight against a more surpassing pirate, our slogan is exactly the same—with the alteration of a single

letter. Five and a half billions for armament twee and a naff billions for armament, twelve billions for the Army, eight billions for the next Liberty Loan, twenty-two billions of bonds issued or authorized, nearly fourteen billions spent in our first year of war.

Some day, when the whole itemized account is laid on the Kaiser's desk-if let him keep a desk—he may find a mea-ger erumb of comfort in reflecting what a lot it cost to lick him. But lick him it will.

DRAWING THE LINE

There are somethings concerning our-selves which the German high command

The Stars and Stripes

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But there are some things which they undoubtedly do not know. The position of certain units in and behind the lines, the location of a certain headquarters, the point from which a troublesome battery is firing, what roads are being used and what are not-all these things they may never learn at all, or learn only when the whole tactical map has been so purposely altered that the knowing does them no

And the man who kicked, before he reached the front, because the censorship wouldn't allow such an such a piece of seemingly harmless information to get back to America, may now be thanking his stars that it didn't.

Se sees that the censor's line must be drawn a long way on the side of safety.

On July 4, 1918
On July 4, 1918, Paris, with the forces of her enemy only 40 miles from her beautiful gates, generous Paris, all gay with bunting and a-thrill with the music of many bands, gave over her streets to a jubilant celebration not of any holiday of them but our own our Judgangdane hay hers but our own, our Independence Day. And on the sight of war-scarred Yankee youngsters, marching from the flower-decked statue of Washington and the newdown the lovely Champs-Elyseés, marching under circling and swooping airplanes

FRANCE

A million Yankee soldiers are fighting for the great idea which is called America, but they would not be here at all if it were not for France, for all she is and for all she has been through more than a century of freedom.

It is difficult to imagine that the United States would ever have sent an army to fight on European soil in a war in which France was not engaged. More and more clearly the American people see now that they are waging once again their old, old battle for independence, but it is doubtful if they would have given their assent to the war if France had not been endangered, if their entry had not meant fighting side by side with their sister republic. America's admiration for France is one of the fairest pages in history. You will look in vain through the chronicle of the nations for another such example of one country loving another. And when America has added the extra force needed to drive the invader from her borders, France can thank the sentiment for her which has grown in American hearts from those anxious days when French aid set
down the lovely Champs-Elyseés, marching under circling and swooping airplances and through a very rain of rose petals, there smiled down not merely the Premier of France and the Premier

brate the safest and sanest Fourth of all-safest because America is arming to the teeth in defense of all she holds most dear, amest because America has never looked things more squarely in the face or thought so clearly as she is thinking in this year of years.

ITEMS FROM THE HOME TOWN

At a pretty home wedding at high neen yesterday, Miss Bleanor Tracy Downes herence the bride of Mr. Bozwell Alexander Spencer. Two score friends were present and bade the happy counte addeu on a two weeks' honeymoon. Mr. Spencer is the son of J. W. Spencer, the well-known furniture dealer, and the bride—

We needn't finish if. It's just typical

"society" item that we all read from time to time in the home town paper. Gives us a funny sensation, doesn't it? We realize that some people still are get-We realize that some people sain are ger-ting married and going on honeymoon trips, and, for all we know, taking baths in hot water. Not that we have any objec-tion to Bozwell getting married. We just —but then we can hardly analyze it. But when we come across an item like this we don't have any trouble defining

our emotion:

Eighty-four men left yesterday for Camp
— This is the largest single group to
leave since the declaration of war.

And as the great preponderance of items
is of the latter trend, there can't be any
mistaking the general impression the home
town paper creates.

own paper creates.

We know that the old gang is coming with rifles and cannon and shells and other things to make war with, and that when they all get here-oh, boy!

HOW TO LENGTHEN THE WAR

A private in a truck train went to a reserve tank the other day, opened the fauct, and drew off a liberal quantity of gaso-

et, and drew off a liberal quantity of gaso-line in a bucket.
"I guess," he remarked, "the old man would raise hell if he saw this, but I've get to wash my pauts."
Yes, the "old man" probably would have raised hell. If he is the right kind of an "old man." he would have raised seven or eight different kinds of it.
Willions of schoolboys are selling war

Millions of schoolboys are selling war savings stamps in the States to keep us going over here and millions are stinting to buy them. There were three gallons of Save itself a whole lot of trouble and make him a cash present. Whereupon one Charles Pinckney, rising in Congress, declared: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

That slight difficulty with the Bey looks like a joke now, although Stephen Deca-

-private m qu fight if you necused him of betraying his friends in the trenches. Yet gasoline friends in the trenches. Yet gasothe means airplanes, and airplanes mean dead Germans, and dead Germans mean live Americans. It's the same with every commodity we handle. Conservation and care mean lives and a shorter war.

HEROES ELSEWHERE

It appears that the heroes, even the merican brand, are not all on this side

Missouri rural mail carrier.

Ue had a letter from a soldier in France

He had a letter from a soldier in France to a girl in Missouri. Being a rural earrier, he knew every romance on his route by heart, and he knew, therefore, that that girl was waiting for that letter.

So he set out to deliver it. A hailstorm came up and punched 97 holes in the roof of his wagon; a bolt of lightning half paralyzed his horse. But he got the letter through

of us do.

If they have not a better idea of the number of American soldiers in France than the average doughboy had before the Fourth of July, then their intelligence it to corn.

The Army's Poets

RAGS

One, two, three, four—one, two, three, four, They come marching on to the parade ground For their daily sotting up exercises. Who is near the head of the column, wagging his tail and with a confident look? It is Rags.

As they run and squat and jump about,
He moves from one position to another,
Seeming always to take an interest in the way
thinks of the way
thinks is right heside of him.
Making sure the C.O. doesn't fall down on his
job.

At noon, when the band marches on to the ground

ground
To play its daily concert.
Rags is near the front escorting it in.
And as the bandsmen take their place on the stand.
He takes his position, also, alongside.
And enjoys the music even more than those about.

. When the daily work is over,
And the boys go to the Y.M.C.A.
For entertainment, refreshment, talking, reading, writing,
Invariably Rags is there,
Going from one to another.
If he gets a cracker or a pat, it's all the same,
He is still your friend.

Then, on Memorial Day at the cemetery, When the men stood with grim faces. Though he could not go through the gate (he knew)
To stand beside the graves,
He was right next the fence, looking through, And within, he stood as solemn as any.

H. L. Anderson,
Chief Engineer's Office, G.H.Q.
Note.—Rags, a large fuzzy-wuzzy dog at G.H.Q. Pedigree, probably half Airedale and half Scotch coille.

THE RED, WHITE-AND BLACK

HE RED, WHILE—GID

Red is the flag of Germany,
Red for the blood she spilled;
White is the flag of Germany,
White for the shame she willed;
Black is the flag of Germany,
Black for the graves she filled!

M. G.

MOTHER 'O MINE

Dear mother o' mine, do you mind the day
In a railread station, with a crowd that was gay,
When you said goodbye, and blessed with a kiss
Your grown up lad; never dreaming he'd miss
That kiss and caress in the year yet to run.
As never before, your own loving son?
And dad's tear-dimned eyes, as we waited the
train;
I knew what he thought, 'cause mine were the
same.

It didn't take long, that parting so brief.
Your face wreathed in smiles, what traces of grief.
Tormented your heart were buried right there.
But that parting so brief makes me wish to compare.
That lies and caress to a ship-building crew:
When the liner is finished, save a rivet or two.
In a spot where they're needed, a moment of time.
Convolutes a great task and a vessel sublime.

Completes a great task and a vessel sublime

It's the ship of my life, it was launched not in vain; It needed the rivet, the touch of a plane. To smooth down the rough spots or clamp

It needed the rive, the rough spots or clamp down a plate on the pull that might leak when the time was too late. For the ship must be worthy to plow through the sea, And to ride o'er the foam where the billows toos free. Come storms or come danger or blue skies and

Come storms or come dames

Bun.
There's no turning back till the journey is
done. the O.D.s; there is no retreat,
if the task i gone.

put on the O.D.s; there is no retreat,
I there's no turning back till the task is

complete. Come flame or come bullets, come gas or come They may break up the body, those products of hell;

hell;
But your klss and caress, like a seal, guaranices
That your boy will be true while he fights
overseus;
For my soul has been pledged to, wherever I
trod, The lave of my mother, my country, and God Pyt. Walter W. Hubbard, C.A.C.

THE WHITE WOLVES

You, too, loved, on days like these, I'nder the pines to lie at case, And watch the flocks of clouds go by, Where now the white planes flit and fly.

And you were the shepherd of those sheep. Grazing along that azure steep. On many a foolish, idle day. Where now the white wolves seek their prey R. R. Kirk, S.S.U. 548.

HOGGIN' IT

HOGGIN' IT

Well, I've caten food subline, and I've eaten food that's rotten.

From Alaska's coldest corner to where the landscape's cotton;

At times there has been plenty, then there's times when there's been none.

And I've kept me upper stiffest, for complainin' I'm not one.

But it's now that I'm protestin'—ch. I've suffered silence long—

I've fancy food I'm cravin', for me system's goin' wyrong.

inney wrong.

"Till your belly's fairly achin'
or some biscuits or some hot cakes that
in your mouth would melt.
There's no German dog could dare me.
No fear of death would scare me.
I lony had some chicken a la Kine
beneath me belt.

Now I read where Mr. Hoover tells the folks to lay off hoggin', We'll be needin' lots of grub to put the Fritz on the toboggan; And the way that they've responded makes you feel so awful proud That you'd like to meet old Bill to take his measure for a shroud. Lord, it's plenty that we're getting,' but I'd be dancin' Jiks
If they'd passan order home to stop a-killin'

of the pigs.

For it's bacon, bacon, bacon,
Till your very soul is shakin'—
I could pick me catin', it's a different
song I'd sing:
I'd not miss a raidin' party,
For patrol I'd be quite hearty,
by I'd swap me chance for Heaven for
some chicken a la King.

Med, Mique. Med. Mique.

THE CAPTAIN

He isn't such a great big chap, But a little thick-set feller, With a look in his eye and a thrust to his chir That would make the foe turn yeller.

Why, only back a few days ago, He takes the follers out And starts to blaze with Betsy And put the Hun to rout.

He swung the breech, put in the primer, And then he rammed them home—
Now to find a "skip" like that, boys, it's far you'll have to roam. And when the Hun sent 'em over, Did they quit serving the piece? Oh! no, not they, but shoved them I Till Betsy's nose looked greased.

The gunner, he sure did well, But then, that is his job; The old boy said, "I'll serve"-For number one 'twas a prob.

He couldn't say "Don't do it," As the Lleut. can say to us, But that's a big boy's job, you know And he's such a little cuss. You see, we all look out for him, for he does well by each lad, And we all hope all the A.E.F. Get Co.O.s like we've had.

Baty. A.,-F.A.

TOO HER BOY,



"-BUT THAT 4th IN PARIS IN 1918!"

A ND it shall come to pass in the years to come, when in various parts of America they are acclebrating the 4th of July with bonfires and parades, some old soldier in the company—a battered old soldier, pertains, with an empty sleeve to rell his story—is sure to pipe up and say:

"Ah, this is all very well, but you should have been in Paris on that 4th of July back in the company—a battered old soldier, pertains, with an empty sleeve to rell his story—is sure to pipe up and say:

"Ah, this is all very well, but you should have been in Paris on that 4th of July back in the terms of the parade have been in Paris on that 4th of July back in the strate of the parade have been in Paris on that 4th of July back in the strate of the parade have been in Paris on the fine peoples of Europe. That was the greatest Fourth I ever knew or ever loop to know. Those who were in Florence and Rome boasted a festive inter. Yes, and at every nort where our troops were pouring in, at every town and tillage in France, there was celebration to, in London, with the King, blees his heart, fairly cheering his royal, head off at a fast, close dansball game between the Army and the Nay out Chelsea way—our Army, mind you, and Oravy. Then, it must have been no bad thing to have been with the Yanks who celebrated by helping their pals from Australia take the visiting of Hunel, for our troops were on the fairly standing on its head with excitement. Hun all the status of Washington, they remanded whelping to have been with the Vanisa who celebrated by helping their pals from Australia take the fairly standing on its head with excitement. Hun all in all, we counted ourselves the heart of the war.

"We knew our President was speaking a world-famous speech at Mount Vernon that day, for Paris lacked the ward of the war.

"We knew our President was speaking a world-famous speech in the parade, how over in the parade passed in the parade passed in review, passed and the firm of the war.

"We knew our President was speaking a world-famous speech in th

64 OU did not have to read the newspapers to know that there were going to be great doings. It, was in the air. It was in the flags that began to finiter from every window early in the week, in the extra greeting every passing polin gave us, in the friendlier wave and the sweeter smile from every did in Female.

ing every passing point give as, in a view iter wave and the sweeter smile from every girl in France. "Certainly it was in the uproarious trucks that came trundling into Paris on the night of the third, bringing fresh from Château-Thierry—oh, you've heard of Château-Thierry at school, have you?—well, bringing in from there a lot of howling young hellions who were so full of jubilation there was no keeping them under cover till time for the great slow to commence.

inder cover in time for the great show to commence.

"The morning of the Fourth poured all Paris into the streets. I don't thing I ever saw so many flags before. I don't think I ever saw so many flowers. I don't think I ever breathed

Premier of France and watch our boys march by.

"So the parade passed in review, passed and turned down the Champs Elysées, which was just as fair to see then as it is today, passed under the arching shade trees to the Place de la Concorde. There were French dragoons, wonderful on their fine horses with druwn sabers. There were French infantry, and the crowd went wild when they saw that from every polius bayonet fluttered a small, perky American flag.

"I remember how every hat came off as the American nurses passed, straight and brave and true as steel. Theu, to the music of 'Swords and Lances,' down the broad thorough-fare in double column of fours came our own hows, Infantry, Marines, Artillerymen, and all, with their helmets telling whence they had come. "I can hear the cheering now Sometimes"

Star Spangled Banner, the sun came out from behind the clouds and smiled down on Paris.

"Those of us who lingured by the band snapped down our hands at the final note and followed in its heels as it gambolled off up the Itare Royale. When the lender gave the cue for 'Madelon', a war some all the pollus knew and loved, the crowds from the sidewalks broke their bounds, piled into the street, mingled with the band, caught up the chorns of the song, and all marched singing to the Madeleine.

"It was not till we scattered for chow that we realized the German had not played their expected part in the festivities. No Boche and the 'Fat Bertha,' all the more expected part in the frest bend, easier this was the holy Féte Day of Sainte-Berthe, was silent all day long.

"All day long the jolifications went on, with luncheons and dimers and no end of speech-making, i suppose. That evening Elsie Janis, whom we thought just about the saft of the earth, put be nsuch a show at a big movie auditorium as kept 7,000 soldiers in a state of violent approval.

Swords and Lances,' down the broad thoroughfare in double column of fours came our own boys, Infantry, Marines, Artillerymen, and all, with their leimets telling whence they had come.

"I can hear the cheering now. Sometimes tit seemed to be led by the American wounded, who, fresh from some hospital, stood grinning and waving their unbandaged arms from the curb. And those American soldiers who were able to see the parade because their work was in Paris yelled louder than any one clse, and

MOST AMERICAN PAPER

From the New York "Globe

The most American of newspapers whiched in the United States. It is THE

The most American of newspapers is not published in the United States. It is THIS STARS AND STRIPS, official organ of the A.E.F. published in Rue des Italiens, Paris, Frattre.

Take America, young, hustling, noisy, good-licarted, slopping over with homely, humorican and give it a voice. Then you have THIS STARS AND STRIPS. Take that same America and project it into a fight to help the couracous under deg who is getting chawed by the bully, and you will have a revolation of the clivitatic splirit of the body over there. Do you know what the war is about? They do.

From first to last the eight pages of THIS STARS AND STRIPS each week—news, STAINS AND STRIPS each week—news, officialist, fokes, features, carron of the courage of the mother of the mothers.

HE READ IT ALL

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPS—For the first time in my life, I have just finished reading each and every word in a newspaper, and that paper is the April fifth cultion of THE STARS AND STRIPS, forwarded to moe by Matthew J. MeGeever, Aero Squadron, A.E.P.

D. C. Scorr, Philadelphia, Pa.

MOTHER'S DAY IN CONGRESS

having every man in the A.E.F. write home to his mother (or the person taking the place

THE STARS AND STRIPES' scheme for laving every man in the A.E.F. write home to his mother (or the person taking the place of his mother) on May 12 was extended to this mother) on May 12 was extended to the state of the Marines, wherever stationed, he included."